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AONIO PALEARIO.

BY THE EDITOR.

WRITING on the Papal Revolutions, for the "Edinburgh Review" of October, 1840, Mr. Macaulay remarked: "It was not on moral influence alone that the Catholic Church relied. In Spain and Italy, the civil sword was unsparingly employed in her support. The Inquisition was armed with new powers, and inspired with a new energy. Whoever was suspected of heresy, whatever his rank, his learning, or his reputation, was to purge himself to the satisfaction of a severe and vigilant tribunal, or to die by fire. Heretical books were sought out and destroyed with unsparing rigor. Works which were once in every house were so effectually suppressed, that no copy of them is now to be found in the most extensive libraries. One book, in particular, entitled 'Of the Benefit of the Death of Christ,' had this fate. It was written in Tuscan, was many times reprinted, and was eagerly read in every part of Italy. But the Inquisitors detected in it the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith alone. They proscribed it, and it is now as utterly lost as the second decade of Livy."

In common with many other authors of equal respectability, and indeed the general opinion of scholars twelve years ago, Mr. Macaulay was mistaken. Soon after his very positive assertion was made public through the pages of the "Edinburgh," a

diligent search for the missing treatise was undertaken by a clergyman of the Established Church, Rev. John Ayre, of Hampstead, chaplain to the Earl of Roden; and not without success. The copy that he discovered was of a fourth English edition. Two other copies were afterwards found to be extant. According to the authority of Dr. M'Crie, the historian of the Italian Reformation, the first English translation of it was made as early as 1577, — only seven years, as will be seen, after the author's death. This statement is supported by an allusion to the work in the last testament of an Edinburgh printer, who died October 18, 1577. There is no reason to suppose that any copy in the original language survives. Mr. Ayre, on his discovery, immediately proceeded to republish the treatise; and a copy is now lying before us.

The authorship of this work, on its first appearance, as our readers may know, was much in dispute.* By some critics, it was attributed to the distinguished great-nephew of Edward IV. and rejected favorite of Henry VIII., Cardinal Pole, whose six years' residence in Padua, with other advantages for elegant scholarship, had made him an easy master of the Italian tongue. The supposition, however, was absurd; for what was most wanting to identify the author of the volume in question was certainly not literary accomplishment, which Cardinal Pole had, nor commanding genius, which he had not; but that intense conviction of a doctrine essentially Protestant, strong enough to defy torture and destruction, which would be hardly consistent with the character of so staunch a supporter of the Papal See, as one of the three Romish legates to the Council of Trent, the author of the "*De Mentale Ecclesiastica*," and a candidate for the chair of St. Peter. Indeed, it is difficult to believe, that, at any time after his first journey to Italy, this recipient of many honors at the hands of Rome could have afforded countenance for what has been stated by some obscure writer, that he, with Flaminio, Priuli, and other friends, defended and circulated a book so anti-catholic in its spirit and contents, that it cost the real author his life.

This author was Aonio Paleario, born in the year 1500, and

* The original titlepage was as follows: "*Trattato utilissimo del beneficio de Giesu Christo crucifisso verso i Christiani. Venetiis, apud Bernardinum de Bindonis. Anno Do. 1543.*"

so, as it happened, of exactly the same age with the English Cardinal. His birthplace was Varoli, in the Campagna di Roma. His education seems to have been conducted at the great city close by, still the seat of learning and power. Remarkable talents and eminent teachers soon led him into distinction, even among the multitude of able competitors. Students of high reputation readily gave him a friendship, which was soon after to be grieved by his defection from the faith, or else bereaved by the terrible catastrophe that his heresy prepared. Dignitaries of the church, like Cardinal Sadolet, marked, with approval and pride, the promise of that intelligence, which was presently to be turned into a powerful assailant of their most cherished tenets.

His introduction to active life was at Sienna, where he married. Under the appointment of the Senate, he held the office of public teacher of Greek and Latin, and gave lectures on general literature and philosophy. The jealousy of his colleagues seems first to have been provoked by detecting in his teachings a certain earnest, liberal, and independent spirit, always as stimulating and grateful to the energy of young minds, as it is suspicious in the eyes of indolent officials, and so as refreshing to his pupils as it was offensive to his sleepy associate professors. Cautious counsels reached him; Sadolet warned him of his danger; the apostles of expediency, who embraced many of his convictions without sharing his courage, whispered in his ear that he might find it safe to clothe his vital ideas in less definite expressions, and moderate his zeal by the coolness of the times. But the fresher element that was already working powerfully at the North impelled him in quite another direction; and his devoted studies in the New Testament had persuaded him, that it was a small thing that he should be judged of man's judgment, and that he ought not to hearken to selfish and sluggish ecclesiastics more than unto God. For Luther had already refuted Eckius at Leipsic, burnt Leo's edict of excommunication at Wittemberg, and offered the cup to the laity. It is interesting to see, from one of the incidents occurring at Sienna, that, however extreme Aonio's speculative opposition to the doctrine of works may have been, he yielded it a practical respect; for it was his fearless censure of a formal hypocrite, who knelt devotedly every day at the shrine of the Virgin, but impudently refused to satisfy his financial creditors, which formed the ground of his arraignment as a heretic. The

complaint lodged against him set forth, that he was "an impious wretch, who dishonored the blessed saints." How he dishonored them may be partly inferred from his answer to his interrogators. Being asked, in three successive questions, "What are the first, second, and third foundations on which men should rest the hope of their salvation?" he replied, in each instance, "*Christ.*" Three hundred persons, with a malignant and determined meddler, named Otho Cotta, at their head, appeared as his prosecutors, and elected twelve of their number to testify for his destruction. The special charge adduced was the publication, in 1543, of the treatise already mentioned, on the "*Benefit of Christ's Death.*" The immense popularity of this production—a popularity so great, that, notwithstanding the urgent and repeated attempts of the church to suppress it, it attained a circulation of forty thousand copies within six years of a period when books were not too cheap, nor readers too common—only exasperated his enemies, and hastened their proceedings. His defence, uttered in an oration before the Conscript Fathers at Sienna, is a noble specimen of impassioned Christian eloquence. In the course of it, he says: "I affirmed, agreeably to the most unquestioned monuments of antiquity, that those who turn with their souls to Christ crucified, commit themselves to him by faith, acquiesce in the promises, and cleave with assured faith to him who cannot deceive, are delivered from all evil, and enjoy a full pardon of all their sins. These things appeared so grievous, so detestable, so execrable, to these twelve, whom I ought rather to call inhuman beasts than men, that they judge that the author should be committed to the flames. If I must undergo this punishment for the aforesaid testimony, then, Senators, nothing more happy can befall me. In such times as these, I think a Christian ought not to die in his bed. To be accused, to be dragged to prison, to be scourged, to be hung up by the neck, to be sewed up in a sack, to be exposed to wild beasts, is little: let me be roasted before a fire, provided only the truth be brought to light by such a death." Words like these are invigorating to the discipleship of an age offering so few occasions as this for fulfilling the Master's precept, where he requires his followers to take up some cross for his sake,—an age when that self-denying faith is in danger of growing impotent, in proportion to the infrequency of its exercise. "See, young man," said Innocent IV. to Thomas Aquinas,—

pointing at the same time to some bags of money brought in, by an officer, from the sale of absolutions and indulgences, — "the age of the church is past in which she must say, '*Silver and gold have I none.*'" "True, holy Father," replied the angelic doctor, "but the age is also past when she could say to the paralytic, '*Rise up, and walk.*'"

The accusation failed; but, although the trial resulted in Paleario's acquittal, his influence and peace at Sienna were so seriously damaged, that he presently withdrew. Like Abelard at Paris, he was the victim of the envy and hatred of his fellow-teachers. The Senate of Lucca, still an independent republic, repaired the wrongs of Sienna, and invited him to the post of orator in behalf of the government. One of the bitterest of his adversaries, Machus, who appears to have earned the title of *the babbler*, pursued him, but found all his intrigues and instigations, whether with the politicians at Lucca, or the Dominicans at Rome, baffled by the generosity and abilities of his antagonist.

The ingredient of honor rather preponderating over that of pecuniary support in his office at Lucca, after a tenure of it for ten years, his domestic hardships drove Paleario to Milan, where he was established by the Senate, as Professor of Eloquence, on liberal and honorable terms. But the indications of a reformatory movement in Italy had by this time become too strong and too manifest for the patience of the vigilant guardians of the Papal crown; and in 1566, just as the suspected heretic was about planning another escape for shelter to Bologna, Pius V. ordered him to be re-examined on the old indictment. A willing instrument of the Inquisition, — that Inquisition which Aonio mortally offended, by calling it "a dagger drawn against all literature," — Angelo di Cremona, was found to bring him to Rome. Sadolet, his influential friend, was now dead; and he had to look out upon his gloomy prospect from the dungeons of the Torre Nona.

In the specifications of the indictment, it is easy to detect the current of that new tide of thought that was now setting in upon the exhausted channels of church-life. Rome was rousing her energies, with desperate resolution, to repair the mischiefs of Protestant violence. The balances hung across the Alps, and Italy was determined not to be outweighed by Germany. Ignatius, bringing all the elaborate results of his exact military discipline into the field, and displaying an ardor in his austerities,

such as few men have felt in their pleasures, fanatic and general in one, had taken up the gauntlet thrown down by Luther. The same year that Luther obeyed the summons of Charles V., and appeared at Worms, Loyola received his wound at the siege of Pampeluna. The reaction had already begun. Jesuitism, destined to be alternately feared and courted, suspected and pampered, by the Papal government, soon made itself indispensable to the hierarchy. The sovereign Pontiff already began to understand that the maledictions which he hurled forth from the balcony of the Basilica, on the Thursday before Easter, over the bare heads of the kneeling and awe-struck multitude, amidst tolling bells, lowered flags, uplifted hands, and the lurid glare of torch-light processions of priests, needed to borrow some new force to sustain their terror: they spent their fury before they travelled to Wittemberg. It was but too manifest to all Europe, that the reformer's commentary emptied the holy Father's bull of its dignity. This new force Ignatius offered, in the compact, comprehensive, magnificent machinery of the "Society of Jesus." At first, it is true, Paul III. feebly pretended to criticize some of the principles of the Institutes; but when Loyola, in addition to the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, proposed to throw in, as a fourth, implicit submission to the Holy See, all objections were withdrawn: the gigantic and formidable child received its formal adoption, September 27, 1540.

For three years, the number of the Order was limited to sixty; but this restriction was soon removed, and its ranks soon swelled into thousands upon thousands, — a sworn, indefatigable, indomitable brotherhood, — stretching from Pekin to Lake Superior, — of boundless fertility in invention and intrigue, of a skill in the adaptation of its means which covered every resource in the capacity of human nature, of a conscience pliant towards every obligation but the vow, and recognizing no law but the rules of the Institution, of a devotedness to the interests of the cause matched by no other associated and organized zeal on earth.

At the same time, that deeper and more earnest spirit, of which Ranke has so finely traced the origin and progress, was yielding its first fruits, in Italy, within the old ecclesiastical forms. The chief men of the church were shaking off effeminate and luxurious manners, dissolute morals, studies merely fanciful and profane, and practical infidelity concealed under the guise of

religion. Bellarmine, Possevin, and Aquaviva, were something better than sportsmen, voluptuaries, exquisites, or courtiers. The Paul IV. of the Pontificate did not cast aside the strict and purging discipline of the Theatines. The Protestantism that was already rife in Saxony, Sweden, and Denmark; in Prussia, Livonia, and the Palatinate; in Switzerland, Netherlands, and two-thirds of Great Britain, left the anxious ecclesiastics of the South less appetite for their "choice cookery, delicious wines, lovely women, hounds, falcons, horses, newly-discovered manuscripts of the classics, sonnets and burlesque romances in the sweetest Tuscan, plates from the hand of Benvenuto, busts, mosaics and gems just dug up from among the ruins of ancient temples and villas," — even if no nobler motive than a selfish regard for safety had animated their vigils, and a spiritual faith had not needed to be quickened by a political fear. But, as might be expected, this renewal of diligence brought with it no softening of the stings of persecution. Old orders were not cleansed and rehabilitated, to relax the oppression of heretics. If Barnabites and Capuchins consecrated themselves with fresh fervor to the pains of self-mortification and the ministrations of charity, they did not therefore look with more favor on the disinterested sufferings of those who chose Christ over the Pope, nor were they disposed to affix a more liberal interpretation to the New Testament doctrine of brotherly love. Indeed, one of the bravest manifestations of increasing zeal would be an intensified rigor against the aliens; and cruelty towards every suspected or doubtful adherent would become the measure of loyalty to the great maternal fold of the Faithful.

Accordingly, in due time, Paleario was led forth from his prison to be tried by the cardinals of the Inquisition. That bitter enginery of tortures never encountered a firmer or serener courage. We have already alluded to the accusations, as indicating what the powers of Christendom then held to be most essential to the purity of Christian faith. They alleged, in four counts, that the accused denied the existence of purgatory, — disapproved of the burial of the dead in churches, preferring the ancient Roman mode of sepulture outside the walls of the cities, — treated the monastic and conventual severities with contempt, — and ascribed justification solely to faith in the mercy of God, forgiving our sins through Jesus Christ. The treatise

we have already referred to, shows plainly enough that the last of these charges could not be met, except by an admission; and that alone was enough to establish his guilt. Luther had said, "How shall a man become holy? A Franciscan friar will reply, 'Put on a grey hood, and tie a cord round your middle.' A Roman will answer, 'Hear mass, and fast.' But a Christian will say, 'Faith in Christ, and that alone, justifies and saves.' But when we are born anew and made children of God by the word of grace, then we perform good works." These are the sentiments of which Paleario's whole book is an endorsement. He was condemned. Why should he not be, when the master of his judges, on the Papal chair, was Pius V., a Roman of the Romanists, a man of whom history tells us that under the splendor of his imperial robes he wore a coarse hair shirt, by day and night, and walked barefoot through the streets on royal occasions? A special refinement was annexed to the execution of the sentence, in the form of an imprisonment of three years. At the end of that time, the fire did its work upon the believer's body, without touching the composure of his spirit. Under the interrogatories of the Inquisitors, he had responded with lofty dignity: "Seeing that your Excellencies have so many credible witnesses against me, it is unnecessary for you to give yourselves or me longer trouble. I am resolved to act according to the advice of the blessed apostle Peter, when he says, 'Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps; who did no evil, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.' Proceed, then, to give judgment. Pronounce sentence on Aonio, and thus gratify his adversaries and fulfil your office."

A common device of Catholic mendacity has been to diminish the moral power of the constancy of the victims of Romish tyranny, by circulating some lying story of their recantation at last. Such an attempt was made on the good repute of Paleario, but without success. The records of the Inquisition itself refute the tale. Laderchius, who continues the annals of Baronius, writes: "When it appeared that this son of Belial was obstinate and refractory, and could by no means be recovered from the darkness of error to the light of truth, he was deservedly de-

livered to the flames; that, after suffering their momentary pains here, he might be found in everlasting burnings hereafter." We can afford to pardon the savage spite of the chronicle, for the sake of its indisputable testimony to the martyr's steadfastness. But there is another witness, whom we are quite as willing to credit, — the sufferer himself. On the last morning of his life, he wrote to his "dearest wife" as follows: "The hour is now come when I must pass from this life to my Lord, and Father, and God. Wherefore, comfort yourself with the will of God and with my resignation, and attend to the desponding family which still survives; training them up and preserving in them the fear of God, and being to them both father and mother. I am now an old man of seventy years, and useless. God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with thy spirit! Thy husband, Aonio Paleario." To his "beloved children" he wrote: "It pleases God to call me to himself by this means, which may appear to you harsh and painful; but if you regard it properly, as happening with my full resignation and pleasure, you will acquiesce in the will of God, as you have hitherto done. Virtue and industry I leave you for a patrimony, along with the little property you already possess. I have requested from Luca Pridio an account of what is due to me, and what I am owing. With the dowry of your mother, bring up your little sister as God gives you grace. Salute Aspasia and sister Aquila, my beloved daughters in the Lord. My hour approaches. The Spirit of God console and preserve you in his grace! Your father, Aonio Paleario."

At the hill Valdensa, in the suburbs of St. Catarina, — with what sorrowful apprehensions, and tears, and consolations, we may imagine, — Marietta, his wife, Lampridio and Fedro, his sons, and the "little sister," received the message of his death; but, along with it, these precious and comforting tokens, from his own hand, how much survived to them, and to God, after the earthly tormentors had done their worst to his beloved and venerable form. The scrupulous reference to the settlement of his pecuniary debts will remind the reader of a similar allusion in the last conversation of Socrates. It is another proof that his doctrine of faith did not run into Antinomianism, nor his trust in the Redeemer obscure his insight into the law of righteousness.

This was the earthly end of one of the worthiest and purest spirits

of the sixteenth century, the cotemporary of Philip Sydney, Spencer, Fox, and Hooper; of Beza, Scaliger, Camoens, and Molina, — the heretic whose sincerity in both virtue and piety will bear comparison with the purest orthodoxy of his times, with the excellence of Borromeo or Philip Neri, — and the fit companion of Zwingle, Luther, Melancthon, and Erasmus, in the sufferings and grandeurs of the Reformation.

During his lifetime, he seems to have published four books of epistles, fourteen orations, and three books in verse on the Immortality of the Soul. A "Letter to the Reformers in the Council of Trent" was printed after his death, and other compositions have been ascribed to him. The "Benefit of Christ's Death" has uniformly enjoyed the honor of standing among the books forbidden by the prohibitory indexes of the Romish Church. It has been translated into the French and the Spanish; the present English version seems to have been rendered from the French. The name of the English translator is not certainly known. From the initials, "A. G.," it has been supposed to be Arthur Golding, a scholar, well known as a translator of the foreign reformers and Latin classics in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In its apposite and frequent quotations from the Fathers, this treatise exhibits a good degree of ecclesiastical learning. It is graced throughout with a most reverential spirit, and wields the ponderous weapons of Scripture authority with signal force. We have left ourselves no room, either for an analysis of the work, or even an account of its contents. The following brief extracts will imperfectly indicate the quality of the style, and the tone of the argument:—

"But this so holy and divine affiance is gendered in our hearts by the working of the Holy Ghost; who is communicated unto us by faith, which never goeth without the love of God. And hereof it cometh, that we be provoked to do good works with a certain liveliness and effectual cheerfulness, whereby we gather such a strength and inclination to do them, as we be thoroughly ready and forward to do and suffer all intolerable things for the love and glory of our most gracious and merciful Father; who hath enriched us with so abundant grace through Jesus Christ, and of his enemies made us his most dear children. This true faith is no sooner given a man, but he is, by and by, endued and imprinted with a certain violent love of good works, to yield right sweet and

amiable fruits both unto God, and likewise to his neighbor, as a very good and fruitful tree. And it is no more possible that he should be otherwise, than it is possible that a fagot should be set on fire, and not cast light immediately." . . .

"The true Christian asketh not whether good works be commanded or not; but, being wholly moved and provoked with a certain violence of godly love, he offereth himself willingly to do all the works that are holy and Christian-like, and never ceaseth to do well." . . .

"Then is the justifying faith, as it were, a flame of fire, which cannot but cast forth brightness. And like as the flame burneth the wood without the help of the light, and yet the flame cannot be without the light; so is it assuredly that faith alone consumeth and burneth away sin, without the help of works, and yet that the same faith cannot be without good works. Wherefore, like as, if we see a flame of fire that giveth no light, we know, by and by, that it is but vain and painted; even so, when we see not some light of good works in a man, it is a token that he hath not the true inspired faith which God giveth to his chosen, to justify and glorify them withal." . . .

"And we must mark well, that, as oft as we receive this holy and worthy sacrament, we bind ourselves to all the duties of charity; as not to offend any of our brethren, nor to leave any thing undone, that may be profitable and helpful in their necessity. But, if there come any to this heavenly table of the Lord, that are divided, at variance with their brethren, the same must assure themselves that they eat unworthily, and are guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, and that they eat and drink their own damnation; for that there was nothing wanting on their behalf, but that the body of Jesus Christ was rent and plucked in pieces again, whilst they by hatred are divided from their brethren, that is, to wit, from the members of Jesus Christ, and have not any part with him; and yet, nevertheless, in receiving this holy communion, pretended to believe that their whole salvation consisteth in the participation and union with Jesus Christ. Then let us go, my brethren, to the receiving of this heavenly bread, to celebrate the remembrance of our Lord's passion, and to strengthen and fortify the belief and assurance of the forgiveness of our sins with the remembrance thereof, and to quicken up our minds and tongues to praise and exalt the infinite goodness of our God; and, finally, to cherish brotherly love, and to witness the same, one to another, by the strait union which all of us have in the body of our Lord Jesus Christ."

OUR LIFE HID WITH CHRIST.

[The following thoughts were suggested by a perusal of Mr. Lunt's excellent sermon on the text, "Our life is hid with Christ in God," published in a late number of the Magazine.]

YES, our life is hid with Christ in God. It is not this mortal life that constitutes our being, beset as it is with cares, trials, temptations, errors, and sins. No! it is that spiritual life of which this is only a type, a stage, one scene in the great drama.

This inner-life, — this life of the soul, for which every thoughtful spirit must long at times, however unrenewed it may be, is hid with Christ in God. Our Saviour came to reveal more clearly to us this only true life. Sages, philosophers, had sought it in vain; unassisted reason could not clearly discern this great truth: what aspirations does not the pious soul feel for this life! What are all the affections of this world in comparison with that love with which the soul strives to elevate itself towards its divine original!

The proper nourishment of this life is the study of the character, works, and lessons of our Saviour. How do his sublime yet simple teachings set at nought the learning of the schools; his parables, his images, so forcible, yet so natural, — "The sower sowing his seed," "The good shepherd and his sheep," "The lily of the field," "The vineyard and the vine." The warning of Lazarus in Paradise to his brethren, and that most beautiful one of all, "The prodigal son," — how forcibly do they speak to our consciousness! how do they penetrate our hearts, and awaken all the higher emotions of our nature, — admiration, love, pity, and gratitude! Yes, "our life is hid with Christ in God." How must he have loved us! Persecuted, reviled, forsaken, scourged, and crucified; yet how full of tenderness are all his actions! He wept, he pitied, and he forgave us, even on the cross! and yet how insensible are we to this depth of love! How many there are, dwelling beneath the refulgent light of the cross, who refuse to join the sacramental feast, to obey his last command, "Do this in remembrance of me"! Frail mortals! beset by temptations from without and within, subject to all the pains and sorrows of mortality, who yet refuse to lean upon the

only arm that can strengthen and support them. How many assurances has he given us of his kind protection! — "I will be with you always, even unto the end;" "Come unto me."

Christ saw enough of the woes of humanity to feel more for us than we do for ourselves; and his aim was to lead us to God through himself, that our life might be "hid with Christ in God," to be revealed for ever in eternity.

Do we obey all his commands? do we partake with him at his table? do we pray unceasingly? do we repent of our sins, and hasten to claim this great salvation? If not, at the last great day of account, he will say to us, "Depart from me, I know you not." "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

E. B. L.

THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

(Continued.)

CHAP. III. 30.—IV. 28. — CHARITY, WISDOM; TRUE AND FALSE SHAME.

- 30 As water quencheth flaming fire,
So a deed of mercy atoneth for sins.
- 31 The Rewarder of virtue shall remember it,
And, when others fall, uphold the merciful.
- IV. 1 My child, deprive not the poor of his living,
Neither make thou the longing eye to wait.
- 2 Grieve not a hungry soul,
Nor wound the feelings of the poor.
- 3 Disturb no further the troubled heart,
And delay not a gift to the needy.
- 4 From an afflicted suppliant turn not away,
Neither turn away thy face from the poor.
- 5 From him that asketh of thee turn not away thine eye,
And give not the man occasion to curse thee.
- 6 For, if he curse thee in the bitterness of his soul,
His prayer shall be heard by Him that made him.
- 7 Show thyself friendly to all the people;
Before the great also bow thy head.
- 8 Incline thine ear to hear the poor man:
Give him a friendly answer with meekness.

- 9 Deliver the injured from the hand of the unjust,
And be not a coward in declaring justice.
- 10 Be unto the fatherless as a father,
And instead of a husband unto their mother.
Thus shalt thou be as a son of the Most High,
And he will love thee more than doth thy mother.
- 11 Wisdom raiseth up her sons,
And gives a helping hand to them that seek her.
- 12 He that loveth her loveth life;
They that early seek her shall be full of cheerfulness.
- 13 He who is strong in her shall obtain honor;
And where she entereth, the Lord shall bless.
- 14 They that serve her are priests of a holy temple;
And them that love her, the Lord doth love.
- 15 He that hearkeneth to her shall rule the nations;
Whoso giveth ear to her shall dwell securely.
- 16 Whoever has faith in her may obtain her,
And his children hold her in possession.
- 17 Yet, at first, she will deal with him perversely;
Fear and dread will she bring upon him;
Putting him to the test of her discipline,
Until that she may trust his soul,
And give him further trial by her laws.
- 18 Then will she deal with him frankly, and cheer him,
And will unveil to him her hidden treasures.
- 19 Yet, if he wander, she will forsake him;
Yea, give him up to the hands of Ruin.
- 20 Watch thine opportunity, and beware of evil;
Neither be ashamed of thy soul.*
- 21 For there is a shame which leads to sin,
And there is a shame which is glory and virtue.
- 22 Let no respect of persons lead thy soul to harm,
Nor shamefacedness cause thy ruin.
- 23 Withhold not thy words, when they may save another;
And hide not thy wisdom in over-nice speech.
- 24 For by speech should wisdom be made known,
And learning by the words of the tongue.

* Which may mean, either "Be not ashamed of having a soul," or "of having stained thy soul;" i. e. "Do not stain thy soul, and shame thyself."

- 25 By no means speak against the truth :
 If thou hast not learned thereof, acknowledge it.
- 26 Be not ashamed to confess even thy sins;
 And strive not against the course of a river.*
- 27 Yet do not humble thyself to serve a fool,
 Nor unduly respect the person of the mighty.
- 28 Even till death, strive for the truth,
 And the Lord thy God shall fight for thee.

CHAP. IV. 29.—VI. 4. — SUNDRY REMARKS UPON SINS OF HEART
 AND TONGUE.

- 29 Be not prompt with thy tongue,
 Whilst in deeds thou art slack and remiss.
- 30 Be not like a lion in thy house,
 Nor without self-government among thy servants.
- 31 Let not thy hand be open to receive,
 And shut when thou shouldest repay.
- V. 1 Set not thy heart upon thy goods;
 Nor say, "I have abundance."
- 2 Trust not thine own soul, and strength,
 To walk in the ways of thine own heart.
- 3 Say not, "Who is master over me?"
 For the Lord shall surely punish thee.
- 4 Say not, "I have sinned, and what has happened to me?"
 For it is the long-suffering of the Lord.
- 5 Be not confident of making an atonement,
 Adding boldly sin unto sin.
- 6 Say not, "His mercy is great,
 I can atone for my numerous sins;"
 For not only mercy, but wrath, is with him,
 And his anger will rest upon sinners.

* This may be a proverbial expression. A very slight change in the Hebrew would give,
 instead of "a river," "light," i. e. truth.

- 7 Make no delay in turning to God,
And put not off from day to day;
For suddenly shall the wrath of the Lord come forth,
Causing thee to perish in the day of retribution.
- 8 Set not thy heart upon unrighteous gains:
They shall profit thee nought in the day of trial.
- 9 Turn not about with every wind;
Walk not in every path,
As doth the sinner with a double tongue.
- 10 Be steady in holding thine opinion,
And let thy word be unchanged.
- 11 Be ever ready to hear,
But deliberate and modest in answering.
- 12 If thou understand the matter, answer thy neighbor;
But, if not, lay thy hand on thy mouth.
- 13 Honor and shame come from our talking:
Oft the tongue of a man is his fall.
- 14 Let no man call thee a talebearer,
And lie not in wait with thy tongue;
For as a thief is in dishonor,
So heavy condemnation is on the double tongue.
- 15 In a great matter, and in a small,
Act not without knowledge.
- VI. 1 Be not an enemy, while professing friendship;
For thy name shall have foul shame and disgrace,
As becometh a sinner with a double tongue.
- 2 Be not puffed up in conceit of thy wisdom,
Lest thy soul be torn in pieces, as a bull might tear thee.*
- 3 Thy leaf shall wither, and thy fruit shall fall,
Leaving thee as a dry tree.
- 4 Lack of wisdom shall destroy the wicked,
Making them the scorn of their enemies.

* The Hebrew may have read, "Lost by success itself thy soul be injured."

CHAP. VI. 5—37. — FRIENDSHIP; WISDOM.

- 5 A sweet mouth multiplieth friends;
A pleasant tongue multiplieth kind greetings.
- 6 Be at peace with many,
But take counsel of one out of thousands.
- 7 If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him in adversity;
And be not forward in trusting to him.
- 8 For some are friends when it serves their purpose,
And will not remain so in the day of thy trouble;
- 9 And there are some who are easily turned into foes,
And in a quarrel will reveal what thou wouldest have hidden.
- 10 There are even friends who have sat at thy table,
Yet remain not friends in thy day of trouble.
- 11 In prosperity, such a one uses thy wealth as thou thyself,
And orders thy servants as his own.
- 12 Yet if thou be brought low, he is against thee,
And from thy face turns his eyes away.
- 13 Keep apart from thine enemies,
And beware of thy friends.
- 14 A faithful friend is a strong defence:
He that finds such, finds a treasure.
- 15 A faithful friend is above price,
Nor is there a measure for his worth.
- 16 A faithful friend is the elixir of life,
And they that fear the Lord shall find such.
- 17 He that feareth the Lord will guide aright his friendship,
That as he is, so also shall his neighbor be.
- 18 My child, gather instruction from thy youth up;
So shalt thou find wisdom till thine old age.
- 19 As one that plougheth, as one that soweth, come to her,
And wait for her good fruits.
There needeth little labor upon her fields;
But quickly thou mayst eat of her fruits.
- 20 Rough indeed is she to the unlearned;
The thoughtless man refuses to dwell with her.
- 21 She seems to him a heavy trial-stone,
And he hastens to cast it from him.*

* Alluding perhaps, as commentators think, to athletic games of Palestine.

- 22 For Wisdom is according to her name,*
And few are wise enough to find her.
- 23 Give ear, my child, and receive my advice;
Neither reject thou my counsel.
- 24 Put, then, thy feet into her fetters,
And her yoke upon thy neck.
- 25 Bow down thy shoulder to carry her,
And do not take offence at her chains.
- 26 Come unto her with thy whole heart;
With all thy strength keep in her paths.
- 27 Search and seek, and thou shalt find her out;
And, when thou hast caught her, let her not go.
- 28 For at the last she will give thee rest,
And it will become thy joy.
- 29 Then shall her fetters be thy strong defence,
And her yoke a glorious ornament.
- 30 For the beauty of gold is hers,
And her bonds are hyacinthine bonds.
- 31 Put her on as a robe of glory,
And with a festal garland thou shalt bind thy head.
- 32 My child, if thou wilt, thou shalt be taught;
If thou wilt apply thy mind, thou shalt gain all skill.
- 33 If thou love to hear, thou shalt receive instruction;
Yea, if thou incline thine ear, thou shalt be wise.
- 34 Keep to the company of thine elders;
And whoever is wise, to him cleave fast.
- 35 Be desirous of hearing every godly discourse;
The parables also of wisdom, let them not escape thee.
- 36 If thou see a man of understanding, hasten early to him;
And let thy foot wear out the steps of his door.
- 37 Apply thy mind to the ordinances of the Lord,
And on his commandments meditate continually:
He then shall establish thy heart,
And thy longing for wisdom shall be satisfied.

* The Hebrew word for "wisdom" signifies *hidden*.

THE LOGGING ENCAMPMENT.

A SKETCH OF THE WOODS.

ONE bright morning, cousin James came in, exclaiming in his cordial, noisy way, "Marie and Fanny! have you ever seen a logging camp?"

"Oh, no! Never! How should we?"

"Well, then! On with your bonnets and shawls! Come out into the back-yard, and see what a stylish vehicle I have for you city folks."

It did not take long to throw on our sun-bonnets; and, full of curiosity, we wended our way to the back door, where our kind hostess was feeding her chickens, with the pride of a good housewife.

"Come out into the barn, and see my swallow's nest!" shouted a distant voice.

To the barn we went, therefore, and clambered, in high glee, into an open wagon. Within a few feet of our heads was a lump of clay sticking against the rafter. This was the swallow's nest, and now and then a little black head was popped out to look saucily down upon us.

You may laugh as much as you please at my taste; but I protest that an open wagon is the very best thing to ride in that ever was invented. If it is hard in the springs, so much the merrier! If it has a low-backed seat, with no sides whatever to hold on by, so much the more exciting! And if you are squeezed in between two merry companions, and are talked across and talked at, till you scarcely know which way to turn next, — that is best of all! Off we started with a jounce over the barn-door sill, that nearly dislocated my neck, and a violent nodding to my cousin's wife that set it all right again, and an alarming scattering of hens and chickens before us. Away we went at a rapid pace, up hill and down; our brisk little nag encouraged to do his best by the merry laughs behind him, and the cheering voice of his master. We rattled down the hills at a fearful rate; but we soon found that the horse was sure-footed, and the driver watchful and expert. The ride was very exhilarating; for the wind was fresh on the hill-tops, and the view open

and extensive. We rode a mile or two, skirting the forest, on a broad, smooth road. Now, with a sudden turn, we entered its shady recesses, bumping over the soft, yielding, grassy path; now dipping suddenly into a hole, now coming in violent contact with a moss-grown stump, now sinking to the hub in black mud. We could scarcely speak for the jolts and the laughing, which, together, left us almost breathless. After a half-hour's ride through the most luxuriant foliage, we suddenly emerged into a perfect wilderness. Far as the eye could reach, on every side, rose gaunt, leafless, blackened trunks. The sun poured down between them its intensest heat on the scorched earth, in places once dank and moist from the depth of shade.

"What a dismal place!" exclaimed I.

"*Dismal?* Well may you say so! A sad story is connected with these half-burnt trees, ay, and a true one, too; no romance to work upon your feelings."

Our companion had dropped his merry humor; and the horse, taking advantage of his momentary abstraction, fell into a walk. A death-like stillness seemed to brood over the place. No sound was heard but the snapping and cracking of the brittle boughs beneath our wheels, and, now and then, the distant caw of the crow. We had left behind us the whispering leaves, the twittering birds, and the musical hum of the insects. We had left the wild flowers and the mossy trunks, all the life and beauty and charm of the forest. Here not even the fire-weed raised its head to cheer the lonely spot. All looked blighted, dreary, and desolate, as if a curse had fallen upon every living thing.

"John Willis," said my cousin, "a good, honest, hard-working man, failing to find employment in more thickly settled places, came, with his wife and children, to make a home for himself in the woods. He was strong and intelligent, and of a happy temper, that no hardships could overcome; and right manfully he went to work to break out his land. The trees must be felled, no slight undertaking when they are green and flourishing," said my cousin, glancing at the brittle trunks that had now fallen by their own weight. "Then," he continued, "the stumps must be 'hauled out,' the tough earth broken by the plough, the log-hut built, the barns and fences raised, the winter's fuel and winter's provisions laid in, &c. Only one who has gone through it all, can know what long, severe, patient labor is necessary to

accomplish it. But John finished his work, and did it well, with, now and then, a helping hand from a neighbor, or an encouraging word from a passer-by. It was a lonely spot that he had chosen, full half a mile from any habitation; but when he brought his wife and merry children to his homely log-hut, and sat with them by his own fireside and beneath his own roof, he was as happy a man as you would desire to see. His patient industry worked wonders. Every time I passed, I could see improvements. His fields extended wider and wider. New fences of rough poles, put together with some regard to taste, gradually took the place of the uncouth stump enclosures. His cattle were the finest for many a mile round. His house grew more snug and comfortable every year, while the volumes of smoke rising from the chimney spoke of warmth and plenty within. They had even tried to *beautify* the place. Scarlet runners clung to the rough logs, and straggled over the low roof, and flaunting hollyhocks and peonies stood on each side of the door. As I passed, I often saw the thrifty wife, with her brimming pail, returning from the spring, or stopping a moment on the door-step, broom in hand, to exchange a nod and a smile with me. John was always hard at work in the fields, brown, rough, and jolly, with the children frolicking round him.

It was in the hottest part of a dry and sultry summer, that John stood, rake in hand, watching with a smile the violent exertions of his little son in turning the hay with a ponderous pitchfork. His eye wandered complacently over his waving fields of grain, his trim potato patch, his vigorous green corn, all the thriving vegetables that crowned each slope, hiding every unseemly stump, and spreading out in long, even rows before him, fresh and flourishing in spite of the drought. This was all his own work. And, as he glanced towards the barn, he thought of the sweet new hay that would soon fill it to overflowing, and of the slow moving load that would be passing along the forest road, drawn by his own patient oxen. The house stood behind him. With a happy face he turned to look at it; but what a frightful glare meets his eye! The sky is of a lurid red, and clouds of thick black smoke are curling upward. His wife is wringing her hands, mute with fear. Hurried footsteps are heard approaching, and hoarse voices shout to him that the forest is on fire, and dry as tinder! The fire is sweeping down towards him! No time

is to be lost ! John knew that too well ! The quick strokes of many axes resounded through the air. Tree after tree fell with a thundering crash. John worked with the strength of a madman. His whole property, the livelihood of his wife and children were at stake. He could not stand still to see the work of so many years destroyed in one hour ! Long after the others gave up the hopeless task, he wielded the heavy axe. Tree after tree fell crashing down ; but it was too late ! The flames came leaping and roaring onward ! The hot wind blew in our faces ! John dropped the axe from his weary grasp, turned one despairing glance at his home, and with a strange, mad impulse to do *something* to save it, snatched two empty buckets and plunged with them into the burning forest. With quick steps he returned, all dripping from the spring, and, in spite of our earnest warnings, rushed back again. Poor John ! he was never seen more ! His house remains a heap of ruins, his farm a desolate waste. His once happy wife removed far away from the scene of her dreadful calamity."

We rode on in silence, our mirth entirely checked by the story and the scene. The black trunks were left behind, and the leafy trees again rustled above and around us. The tender blades of grass bent beneath the wheel. The birds chirped joyously. The busy hum of insect-life was all around us. The breeze bore the fragrance of pines, and the spicy perfume of forest plants, and the damp, cooling atmosphere that is so delightful in a hot summer's day. The sunshine came gently down through the branches, tempered and softened by our leafy canopy. It was not natural for us to remain sad long, and our merry host was the first to break the silence. We soon found ourselves laughing heartily again at his jokes and anecdotes, and going into ecstasies over every thing we saw. A narrow winding river, as we crossed it on a bridge, that it makes my bones ache to remember, now attracted our attention. We observed that it was choked with logs, which lazily floated on the current, or drifted together against the banks ; and my cousin informed us that we were approaching the logging encampment. The next turn brought us in view of it, a wild, romantic place ; but not at all what I had imagined. We sprang from the wagon, full of curiosity, and followed our guide as he led the way to a low, clumsily built log-but. Where we were to get in, I could not imagine, till my

cousin opened a very small door, something like the entrance to a large dog-kennel, and, thrusting in his head, asked if we might come in. A gruff voice replied that we were welcome; but all the men were out. I thought, if my cousin had found room for his giant person, *I* could follow; so with a low, but most ungracious and grumbling obeisance to the inmate of the hut, I made my bungling entrance, and stared around me. A rough-looking man stood before the fire, very busy in boiling potatoes for dinner. A board placed on two barrels took up nearly all the room in the hut, and was spread with a choice collection of cracked china. In the corner, under the eaves, was heaped together the bedding of the company. The fire was built upon the earth, and the smoke escaped from a hole cut through the logs. My cousin, being a man of colossal stature, had stood with his head reverently bent to avoid rough contact with the roof, and gladly seconded our wish to depart. The sight of the interior of the hut had somewhat diminished in my mind the romance of life in the woods; but I had no sooner tumbled out into the open air than it all came back again in greater force than ever. We saw where the cattle were stowed away in quarters as confined as those of their master. Then we wandered down to the river's edge, where the dark Rendusky seemed to rest rather than move beneath the overhanging foliage. The wild roses grew luxuriantly on the opposite bank, and many bright blossoms gleamed out from inaccessible places. The high banks threw a sombre shadow over the water; but beneath us we could see, through its transparent depth, to the long grass growing at the bottom. Beyond the river was a noble forest fit for the wild Indian to roam through; and I was half-indignant, on turning round, to see the smoke from the camp-fire ascending through the roof. . . .

THE BLIND PASTOR.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

PASTOR.

How soft the air which from yon lucid lake
 Fans my moist brow ! The eve is balmy sweet,
 Breathing of peace, and fraught with harmonies
 Mysterious, deep, — uttered by Nature's voice
 In ceaseless homage to the one great Source
 That formed, and animates with life and joy,
 This wondrous world. Fresh comes the vagrant breeze,
 Bearing the breath of wild flowers on its wing,
 As in its frolic-play it o'er me sweeps ;
 Then with a gentle sigh, gentle as that
 Which wafts the good man's soul to his sweet rest,
 It dies away.

ADALIA.

Ah ! dearest father,
 Would thine eye could rest its ravished gaze
 On this fair scene of hill, and dale, and wood,
 Empurpled all with twilight's gorgeous hue,
 Glorious as though through heaven's unclosing gate
 The radiance streamed ! Yon mountain, like a king,
 Wears on his lofty brow a golden crown,
 And folds with regal pride a purple robe
 Round his majestic form. The dimpling lake
 Is strewed with gems ; and, glistening in the sheen
 Of dying day, the thousand polished blades
 Of yon broad corn-field seem to fancy's eye
 Like gleaming spears, brandished by fairy host,
 Who watch to guard the treasures of the wave.
 Never, dear father, saw I eve more sweet !
 They tell of nights where soft Italian skies
 Shed their bland glory o'er the teeming earth ;
 But nought, methinks, of beauty can they boast,
 Which dwells not here, — soft, odor-laden airs ;
 Resplendent hues ; the vesper song of birds ;
 The gentle falling of sweet, balmy dews
 On softly folding flowers, that, with a sigh

Of gushing fragrance, breathe their last farewell
 To day's departing smile. How great my joy,
 Couldst thou, my father, look on this fair earth,
 Which seemeth now touched with new glory
 By the hand divine!

PASTOR.

My child, I see it well,
 And feel its influence with a joy like that
 Which lends to thy soft voice its gladsome tone.
 What though through these sealed orbs there steals no ray
 To light the darksome prison-house where dwells
 A heavenly guest? The soul's eye is undimmed,
 And ranges freely through these well-known scenes,
 Where day by day our lives flow gently on;
 Nor needs it, sweet, the aid of outward sense
 To tell me how they change, — how the morn rises
 With its veil of mist, all silvery bright;
 Nor how at dewy eve yon mountain dons
 His purple vesture, while the fairy waves
 Of the small lake come dancing to the shore,
 Radiant with gems caught from the evening sky.
 I see them all! the hill, the grove, the stream,
 And the gray church-tower rising 'mid the trees, —
 The scene of my long labors, — where I've sought,
 I in my weakness, to win souls to God.
 Praise to his name, if any shall be set
 As precious seals in my immortal crown
 Of truth, preached not in vain. Lingers not yet
 The glowing sunlight on those time-stained walls?
 A gleam of brightness 'mid the gathering gloom,
 Like smile of faithful friend.

'Tis a strange power,
 Most strange indeed, that by the soul possessed,
 To call the objects of its early love
 From "memory's waste," unchanged and unforget,
 With its most fine perceptions to behold
 The varied shapes and scenes of its past life,
 As in a magic glass; to stand at will
 In regions most remote, and commune hold
 With the long absent, and the buried dead;
 To pierce the earth, or with its untired wing

Soar to the gate of heaven, and worship there.
 What is this power mysterious, undefined,
 But a sweet earnest of capacities
 Which dormant lie during our sojourn here,
 But are designed for limitless expansion,
 When the veil of flesh shall be withdrawn,
 And the freed spirit wake to higher joys,
 To nobler purposes, and clearer sight,
 Than earth unfolds, amid its crushing cares,
 To man's contracted view?

ADALIA.

Speak on, dear father, —
 I so love to hear thy calm, sweet words.
 'Tis beautiful to see thy spirit soar
 In holy triumph o'er the ills of flesh;
 Cheerful, resigned, and with undoubting trust
 Kissing the rod whose chastening touch hath quenched,
 For thee, day's pleasant light.

PASTOR.

Alas, my daughter!
 Would my spirit bowed more meekly to His will,
 Whose gracious hand mingles rich blessings
 In the bitter cup my lips must quaff!
 If I have strength to bear with patient heart
 My sore affliction, 'tis derived from Him
 Who gives unsparingly to them that ask
 In sorrow's hour for aid. Yet one fond wish
 Will sometimes rise to dim the brighter thoughts
 That ever should be mine, — a yearning wish,
 Which seldom utterance finds, but stronger grows
 As o'er my onward path the lengthening shadows
 Warn of day's decline. This, — this it is, —
 To see thy face, my child, thy young fair face,
 Which I have shaped into the loveliest thing
 E'er yet wore human form. I still can joy
 In nature, though forbid to feast my eyes
 On her bright lineaments, — still love the tones,
 The grateful intercourse, of my own kind;
 But the strong yearning, as each day goes by,
 Fastens itself more closely on my heart,

Once to behold thee, child of my soul's love!
But only once, ere in their last long sleep
My eyelids close.

ADALIA.

O my dear father!
Would to God thy wish might be fulfilled!
And yet, perchance, thy love would prove less strong,
Should it be granted to our earnest prayer.

PASTOR.

I could not love thee less, Adalia sweet,
And more I would not, else should I defraud
God of the worship due to him alone.
No more of this, — 'twas but a fevered thought,
Which in unguarded moments issued forth
From my heart's depths: there shall it henceforth rest.
Enough, enough for me to know thee near,
Tending my steps, and with thy loving voice
Cheering my hours of gloom, — enough to feel
Thou art like her who gave thee to my arms;
Like her in soul, and, 'tis my joy to think,
In outward loveliness the very same.

ADALIA.

Ah! had she lived to cheer the sunless gloom
Of those long years so dark and drear to thee,
Her presence would have lent to our lone home
The light of joy and peace.

PASTOR.

Ay, would it, love,
If God had willed it so; but he is wise,
And for some gracious purpose, dark to us,
Called hence my heart's desire. Come, let us rest
In this cool shade awhile, and speak of her.
Here was her favorite seat — I know it well
By the low drooping of the willow boughs,
That, like the tresses of thy silken hair,
Sweep o'er my face. The soft leaves rustle
In the summer air, like spirit-voices
Whispering of the past, — of those sweet days

When here with me thy angel-mother sat;
 And thou, young sparkler, smiling at our feet,
 Strewed the green herbage with thy fragrant spoils,
 Or chased with airy step the vagrant bee,
 That came, with drowsy hum and loaded thigh,
 To sip sweet nectar from the dewy bells
 Thy hand had culled.

ADALIA.

Some faint remembrance
 Of those happy days methinks I have; —
 Of a fair face that looked on me with love,
 And gentle tones that murmured tenderly
 O'er my young head. I hear them oft in dreams,
 And sometimes feel the warm, soft pressure
 Of those angel-lips that printed kisses
 On my infant-brow.

PASTOR.

'Tis sweet to think
 She hovers round us; with her eyes of love
 Watching our progress to that spirit-land
 Which is her radiant home. Four brief, bright years
 She blessed my heart, and gladdened it with thee, —
 Thee with thy cherub-smile, thy asking eye,
 Imploring care and love. Then the strong spell
 Of earth my soul enchained, and I was lapped
 As in Elysian dreams of deep delight;
 Forgetting heaven, — forgetting that I stood
 God's messenger to man, — the lost, the fallen;
 Myself degraded most, since I had made
 Earth my heart's home, formed idols of its clay,
 And worshipped them, reckless how frail they were;
 Frail as the leaf that fades in Autumn's bower,
 And fleeting as the hues which paint the sky
 Ere the still Night her sable pall unrolls.

ADALIA.

Dear father, be more lenient to thyself,
 Since on another thou wouldst ne'er pronounce
 Judgment so stern. God's minister thou art,
 And true to thy high trust; in darkness even
 Faithful at thy post beside his altar,

Binding the broken heart, and pouring balm
 Into the spirit's wounds, as well beseems
 A follower meek of Him who knows no guile.

PASTOR.

Alas, my daughter! mine are words of truth,
 Humbling and sad. I bowed to idols;
 But the chastening came, a Father's chastening,
 Sent in tender love to win my soul
 Back to the path of heaven. Blindness fell on me,
 Shutting out for aye the light I loved;
 Blotting for ever from these straining orbs
 Yon azure vault, the radiant forms of earth,
 And ah! more sad than all, thy face, my child,
 And hers in whose sweet lineaments my eye
 Was wont to seek for answer to my thought,
 Ere words had given it birth.

I should have sunk
 Beneath this fatal stroke, but for her sake
 On whose fond heart it fell with deadlier force.
 Oh! gently then along my darksome way
 Her small hand guided me; but, when she spoke,
 There was a trembling pathos in her voice
 Which pierced my soul; then would my lip seek hers,
 Breathing fond tones of comfort with the kiss
 Of wedded love; but seldom answered she,
 Save with her tears, while in the struggle
 'Gainst her inward grief she oft would fall
 In wild abandonment upon my breast,
 Weeping aloud, and panting like a child
 By sorrow quite subdued. And so she sank
 In slow decay, as day by day passed on;
 And when the spring called its first blossoms forth,
 Hung flowery wreaths on every budding bough,
 And tufted with gay knots each verdant bank,—
 I laid my flower of beauty in her grave;
 While thou, unconscious of thy early loss,
 Showered tender violets on the pale fair clay,
 Which I too well had loved. So we were left:
 I, a lone sightless man; and thou, poor babe,
 Without a mother's care, or the fond shelter
 Of a mother's arms, wherein to hide thy griefs.

ADALIA.

God spared the bitter knowledge of that loss
To my young heart ; and though within me, oftentimes,
Nature yearns for a fond mother's love,
I know no want which thou hast not supplied.
Gently as hers thy arms have folded me ;
My thoughts have all been thine, — my joys, my griefs,
Found sweet response from thee, — till, as in one,
Our hearts seem mingled, and for me the name,
The most dear name of father doth combine
The sweetest sympathies, the holiest ties,
That unto life give bliss.

PASTOR.

To childhood's life,
Which in itself is bliss. Though well I know
How fondly thou hast answered the warm love
Which without measure I have poured on thee,
Yet, my Adalia, I have deemed of late
Thy soul had found new wants, — that its calm depths
Were troubled with sweet joy, — like a still lake
That all unruffled lies mid folding hills,
Till o'er it softly steals the wooing breeze,
Dimpling with magic touch its placid breast,
And from its depths waking new shapes of beauty,
That till then within its crystal coves
Had slept, uncalled.

ADALIA.

Why thinkst thou thus, dear father?
Have I of late so failed in duteous love,
That thou dost deem my heart estranged from thee?
My wishes rovers, when at home they find
All that should give content?

PASTOR.

Content and peace
With thy old father in his darksome way, —
Thank God it hath been so, and bless thee, sweet,
For all thine angel-ministry, gently
Dispensed as it hath ever been, and constant
As the day ; making my darkness light, —

My sadness joy, — my solitary home
 A blissful bower, wherein thy gentle voice
 Spake ever words of love, while thy young hand
 Lent willing aid to guide my doubtful feet
 Over smooth paths, till now my journey's end
 Is well nigh won, and on these sightless eyes
 Ere long shall dawn the undimmed brightness
 Of eternal day.

ADALIA.

Not yet, dear father, —
 Ah, I pray, not yet mayst thou be called
 To thy deserved reward. Oh, name it not!
 I cannot bear —

PASTOR.

My daughter, calm thy fears.
 I ne'er can say, but years may yet be mine;
 Though, as thou know'st, I am an aged man,
 And when I called thy youthful mother, wife,
 Stood in ripe manhood, — nay, e'en then I saw
 O'er my bright sky the darkening shadows steal
 That told of eve. So that by Nature's law
 My span of life is drawing to a close,
 My earthly life, — for to the Christian's eye
 Death is the glad event that ushers him
 To life unending, — to the joys of heaven, —
 To God's own presence, and communion sweet
 With Christ his Son.

Therefore, my child, weep not
 That soon the silver cord must be unloosed,
 And broken at earth's fount the golden bowl.
 My threescore years and ten are nearly spent,
 And I can feel this trembling house of clay
 Dissolving fast. — I pain thee by this theme,
 Yet oft I choose it; for I fain would make
 The thought familiar of our parting hour,
 That, when it comes, thou mayst have learned to lean
 On that firm Rock which ne'er like earthly stay
 Will mock thy trust.

ADALIA.

Oh, thou dost wring my heart!

Joyless my life, wert thou, my father, gone, —
 Thou my companion since its earliest dawn, —
 My guide, my friend! all that on earth I have!

PASTOR.

Is there not one, my child, — nay, start not thus:
 It is love's hand that would unveil thy heart, —
 Is there not one whom God hath raised to fill
 My place, when vacant; who will guard thee well,
 And guide thee gently, as thou me hast led,
 Through pastures green and fair? Dearest, look up:
 I feel thy soft cheek glowing 'neath my touch,
 And this small hand flutters like prisoned bird
 In my weak grasp. Thou hast no cause to blush
 At thy fond choice, none to feel shame because
 I name it thee. Long have I known it, — known
 Where thy young heart was garnering its hopes,
 And oftentimes prayed that they might not be wrecked.
 The blind are quick discerners; so I read
 By many signs, when young Duráncé was nigh,
 How well he loved, how truly was beloved
 By my fair girl.

ADALIA.

Pardon, dear father,
 That my trembling lips have feared to speak
 What they full oft essayed; for I have grieved
 That e'en one thought should rest, unshared by thee,
 Within my secret heart.

PASTOR.

I blame thee not:
 'Tis woman's nature silently to brood
 O'er such fond secrets, hiding them full oft
 E'en from herself deep in her bosom's core.
 But nought escapes a watchful father's love, —
 Nought that may touch the welfare of a child
 Dear as thou art; and when this morn thy lover
 Told his tale of hopes and fears, approval
 Craving of his tender suit, I but delayed him
 Till from thee I learned thy heart's dear wish.
 But I divine it without word of thine:

None needst thou speak ; for, sweet, the fluttering throbs
 Of thy young heart, bounding against mine own,
 Give answer eloquent to my appeal,
 And utter all thy maiden bashfulness
 Might shame to speak.

DURANCE.

I come to hear my doom.
 'Twas here, sir, thou didst say it should be told ;
 And I have waited trembling for the hour
 Which shall decide my fate.

PASTOR.

It is a happy one,
 As his must be to whom this hand is given.
 Take it, my son, and with it a pure heart,
 That pearl of price ; and ne'er let rude neglect
 Or cold indifference chill the gushing tide
 Of its deep love, — its trusting confidence,
 Proved by the cheerful faith with which it yields
 Its hopes and fond affections to thy care.
 I give her thee to cherish, to protect,
 To guard from ill ; and charge thee, sit with her
 Daily at Jesus' feet, learning of him,
 The meek, the lowly, and the pure in heart,
 Lessons of wisdom high, — of truth divine,
 To guide you onward in the path of faith
 To joys that never die.

So she is thine, —
 Soon will be thine alone ; and when death's veil
 Shall shroud me from her view, oh ! then guard well
 Thy precious trust, — that, when hereafter
 At the bar of God we meet again,
 I may not chide thee for the stains of earth
 Which cling to her lost soul ; but hail with joy,
 'Mong the bright spirits that surround the throne,
 My seraph-child, a victor over sin, —
 Victor through Him who its dread power subdued,
 And plucked from Death his sting.

E. L. C.

CHRIST THE WAY.

A SERMON, BY REV. MORDECAI DE LANGE.

JOHN xiv. 6: "I am the way."

OUR Saviour has distinctly declared, that no man can come to the Father but by him; thus asserting, not only that he is the way, but that he is the only way, by which such coming can be effected. By coming to the Father, we understand him to include the abandonment of sin, and the assumption of holiness. Not only have we his word for this important truth, but it is demonstrable from reason. It can be clearly shown that there is no salvation for man; that he cannot come to the Father; that he cannot abandon sin and put on holiness, in any other way than through Jesus Christ. That this may become plain to our apprehension, let us address ourselves to the following inquiries:

First, — What constitutes him the way?

Second, — How is man to travel in that way?

1. He is the way because he overcame all temptation. Although exposed to it as we are, he yet remained sinless; and thus he reveals to us that such exposure does not involve the necessity of sin. This is a great discovery to a striving, sinful man. Let us suppose a case, to ascertain its value. A sinner, ignorant of Jesus Christ, is led by the providence of God to perceive the hideousness of sin, and the beauty of holiness. He determines to labor for the abandonment of the one, and the attainment of the other. In other words, he determines to come to his Father. Beset with temptations, his labors commence with endeavoring to overcome them. But soon he encounters unexpected difficulties. Habits of evil had been formed within him, and they continually suggest their customary temptations. The outward circumstances in which he is placed, also, abound with evil suggestions. Often, while manfully struggling with one temptation, he is unexpectedly assailed by another; and, before he can gather his forces for defence, he is overthrown by the suddenness of the assault. At times, too, despite his desire for spiritual progress, weariness seizes upon him: he feels unable, almost unwilling, longer to resist the attacks of the enemies of his peace. Customary temptations

appear; and, almost without lifting a hand in his defence, he falls powerless before them.

Time flies rapidly away. He discovers that he has made but small progress in the homeward journey: indeed, he is not sure that he has made any. He looks back to the period when the significance of life had first been unveiled to him; when, perceiving its relation to its source, he sought to direct his steps towards God. Despondency assails his soul as he still perceives the immeasurable distance before him. Thus far, his efforts have only served to reveal his difficulties. A host of demons, in the guise of the innumerable temptations of life, press him, with unceasing assiduity, on every side. Here he defeats one; there he is overcome by another. When shall the battle be finished? When shall harmony prevail? Throughout the contest, he had suffered much sorrow and anxiety; for his mind had constantly been engaged in the painful observation of the inward enemies of his peace, that he might be ready for their assaults. He loved righteousness, and hated sin; and the contemplation of what he hated could not be otherwise than distressing to him. He becomes disheartened, and is almost ready to give up the struggle. The hope he had so long cherished, appears but an illusion; he begins to suppose that man is made for sin; that it is a necessary part of his nature. He loses all faith in his capability for righteousness, and is disposed to cease his exertions for that which appears unattainable.

But, at this critical juncture, he gains knowledge of Jesus Christ; and a new hope springs up within his soul. He beholds a being made like himself, and subject to similar temptations, who yet overcomes them all. His past doubts and fears, and anxieties and despondencies, now vanish from his mind. The grand truth which he so earnestly sought is made known to him; his capacity for perfect righteousness is revealed to him. No longer is it a mere speculation, based upon his perception of the progressive nature of his powers. It is now manifested to him in connection with flesh and blood; in a breathing, moving, living existence. He hesitates no longer. He addresses himself anew to the great object of his search; he seeks again to come to his Father. And, with his attention fixed upon him who has gone before him, and who thus becomes the way to him, he shall not fail to attain his long-desired haven of rest and happiness.

2. Jesus Christ is the way, because of his deeds. In these he exhibits the harmonious development of all the powers of man. In him, these powers all received their appropriate expression; and in this way he walked continually with God. Hence it becomes apparent that there is no quality in man which compels him to the commission of sin. There is a quality in his nature which subjects him to temptation; but Jesus shows him, by his own example, that this does not involve the necessity of sin. He learns that the whole man is capable of consecration. All his powers can be directed towards their great Original. All his acts can be exalted, holy, and full of a large disinterestedness, an all-conquering love. It is his province to walk erect in spiritual dignity. It is an inevitable consequence of a right direction of his powers, that he should rejoice in the possession of all holiest and godlike thoughts, and in the performance of all holiest and godlike acts. In this high consciousness, he breaks the shackles of fear, and walks forth in the glad freedom of hope. There is peace in his heart, for all nature sympathizes with him; and he understands the character, and shares in the possession of universal love. Such is the saving power exhibited by Jesus Christ in his deeds.

3. Jesus Christ is the way, because of his words. He spoke as never man spake. His words reveal the great wants and profoundest principles of the human soul. This was a portion of his mission, that through him "the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed." The Almighty has written on every human heart the truths in which it is to rejoice through eternity; but sin so darkens man's spiritual vision, that the fair characters are illegible to his eyes. Then comes Jesus, a being of pure vision, and reads the inscriptions that God has made; and the hearts of their possessors stir with a great emotion, for the words there written are thus revealed; and men, made conscious of their possession, are moved by their power as with the inspiration of a new life. And so is it ever when the voice of Jesus is heard: the wonderful revelation that God has made, man reads in his own soul.

4. Jesus Christ is the way, because of his companionship with the Father. He says, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do;" herein implying his constant companionship with the Father. And this declaration he makes of

powers similar to ours. Thus he shows that man may always be in the presence of God, and perform only those acts which he sees Him do. Jesus proves himself to be the way by this revelation; for man could not otherwise obtain it. By the commission of sin, he has so diseased his powers of discernment, that he knows not his capability of entire righteousness. His heart thus becomes a prey to disquietude; for he is not made to live apart from his Father; he is not made to live in sin. Many men live on in trouble and sorrow, and never learn the cause of their affliction; others, by the providence of God, perceive their want, and endeavor to supply it. They seek to return to their Father; but there is but one way by which such return can be effected, and, if they attempt it by any other, they must inevitably fail of accomplishing their object. Christ is the way, and not our own unaided powers, labor as earnestly as we will. These powers have become diseased by misuse, and are insufficient of themselves to carry the sinner to his Father's presence. It is well that we should observe the distinction; that they are given to us to walk with God, when they are in a purely healthful condition: they are insufficient to carry us to him when they are borne down, and enfeebled by disease. Then must we avail ourselves of the strength of another, of one whose purity was unsullied, to effect our approach. Then must we come to him who, in all his actions, shows us that he always does his Father's will, and always walks with him in close companionship. So shall we come to the Father. So shall we perceive his mansion open for our reception. So shall we behold him, with outstretched arms, eager to embrace the returning prodigal.

5. Finally, Jesus Christ is the way, because of his sufferings and death. This consideration embraces all the rest; for it is the only effectual influence to direct our regards towards them. It is not enough for us that he overcame all temptation; that his deeds were in harmony with God's laws in man's nature; that his words reveal the truths that God has written upon the human heart; that he always walks with the Father, and teaches us that we can do the same. More than all this we require, to accept his guidance. More than all this we demand, before we will agree to enlist under his banner. It is first necessary that he should manifest his love for us, by enduring unequalled suffering on our account. It is first necessary that he should be betrayed,

insulted, scourged, crucified, before we can surrender to him our hearts. It is first necessary that we must behold his agony on the cross; we must see the crimson drops trickling from his wounds. Our ears must listen to that wail of anguish, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Yes; we must witness his transcendent afflictions, and know that they were endured for love of us;—and then, with strange mixture of sorrow and joy, with a chaos of disturbed and exciting emotions, we cast ourselves at his feet; we embrace his lacerated limbs; and, with tears of love and sympathy, we hail him as "our Saviour, our beloved Redeemer." Yes; all this is necessary as an exhibition of the inexhaustible fountain of love within his soul. Less than this does not suffice us. Truth is beautiful, but Love is precious to us. The first we admire at a distance; the second enables us to enter upon its possession. The truth which the Redeemer offers us we cannot accept, without the love that is manifested in its presentation. The sufferings and death of Jesus are the means by which his love is manifested. Thus our love is excited in return. We listen to his words; we accept his guidance; in lowly humility we seek to tread in his footsteps. Thus we learn that Jesus is pre-eminently the way, because of his sufferings and death.

I have thus sought to show you what constitutes Jesus Christ the way, — the only way by which man can come to the Father; and, in so doing, I would have you understand that I have by no means exhausted the subject. There are many other respects in which it can be shown that he is the way; but those which I have presented are sufficient for my present purpose. I am now to answer the question, — How is man to travel in that way? And here let me remind you, that repentance is not salvation; it is but the first step towards it. Salvation is holiness. Salvation is that condition of the soul, in which, although it be still subject to temptations, and those, it may be, of fearful magnitude, yet it may overcome them. A man may repent earnestly of his sins; the desire to abandon them may be the one great object of his heart; and yet, if he rest in repentance, if he content himself with the effort to overcome his sins; if he seek not something beyond and above this; if he does not avail himself of the way, the especial way offered him by the inexpressible mercy of an

Almighty Father, — he shall fail inevitably in the attainment of his object. On the other hand, I would remark, that no man earnestly repents, without God guiding him, sooner or later, to the only way by which his repentance can be made effectual. Too many persons, who have commenced with a sincere repentance, have gradually slackened their efforts, imagining that their work was done, because of the sweet comfort communicated to their souls by the kindness of their Heavenly Father, when, in the first consciousness of evil, they have prostrated themselves before his presence, confessed their sins, and humbly implored his forgiveness. These persons remind me of children who come sorrowfully confessing their transgressions to their parents, and, having been comforted by their sympathy and kindness, they plunge again into their little amusements, forgetting the sin, the repentance, and the forgiveness; and thus are easily induced to the repetition of the evil in the same or another form. Surely such children cannot become what their parents desire. Not only is it necessary to repent, but it is also necessary that we avail ourselves of all the means, and, above all, of the best means, to acquire the object which originally caused repentance. That object, as I have before stated, is holiness, salvation, entire submission to the will of God; and the only way by which it can be finally attained is through Jesus Christ. This sin, that sin, — an evil habit here, an evil habit there, — a man may succeed in overcoming, by his simple effort after righteousness. But he will find that the great body of his sinful dispositions still cling to him; and there is constant danger that they will tempt him to actual commission. He still finds himself a sinner; he still sees no prospect of perfect victory.

But, more than this; his difficulties increase with his progress. He has no conception of the obstructions in his path, until he sets out on his journey. Then, as he advances, new difficulties continually arise before him. Previous to his entering upon his search after holiness, he was ignorant of his own character. He had committed thousands of acts without the least reference to their moral quality. But now his attention is directed towards them; and, with amazement and grief, he beholds the turpitude of his most common actions. He sees their dependencies, their connections, their ramifications, as he had never seen them before; and, with a sense of profound abasement, he perceives a vein of

evil running through his best deeds. Nothing that he does seems to be wholly pure; some unworthy motive he plainly discerns in every righteous action he performs. And this is no jaundiced or exaggerated view of his condition. He was before diseased, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; his spiritual heart gave forth no healthful throb; but he was in entire ignorance of his miserable condition. Although he was daily perishing, he vainly imagined himself in the possession of health. But repentance, and the effort after righteousness, have exhibited to him his true condition; and, as he perceives that the disease of sin is spread throughout his whole spiritual nature, — that there is no spot in his soul that is free from the destroying taint of corruption, his condition is apparently hopeless. Call in your *moral* physician. He will tell you that conscience is your proper remedy. He will direct you to listen to its teachings, to render obedience to its directions. He will tell you that its admonitions shall increase with your obedience; and that thus, ultimately, you shall become cured; that thus you shall be healed of your disease; that, in this way, every action, every motive, shall be freed from the fatal leaven of sin. You turn from him in grief and disappointment; for this way you have tried, and found it wanting. What had conscience done by your frequent and earnest appeals to it? It had but laid bare your wounds, and exhibited their desperate condition; I had well nigh said, *incurable*, were there not a Physician gifted with sufficient power to heal them. Conscience is the law within us that convicts us of sin; it has no power in itself for its removal. God, in his boundless mercy, — O Heavenly Father! how shall we thank thee for this, thy most precious gift! — sent Jesus Christ into the world, that by his aid we might be healed; through him we might be made whole; through him we might be saved; through him we might come to the Father. Yes, my friends, he is the way in which we must travel. We must accept him by faith. Step by step, we must tread on in the journey of his life. No longer must we give our chief regards to ourselves; no longer must we probe so deeply the wounds in our own souls. Health is stronger than disease. Health shall overcome disease. We must walk in daily companionship with Jesus Christ.

I am exceedingly anxious that you shall clearly understand me in this statement. I sin before God, if I here, by my own act,

leave any vague or indefinite impression on your minds. I mean that you must fix your whole attention upon the character, the actions, the words, the thoughts of Jesus. I mean that you must make him the constant object of your contemplation and study. I mean that you must seek communion with the inmost thoughts, the profoundest emotions, of his soul. I will tell you what will be the consequence of this course. You will love him,—oh, how you will love him! Words are powerless to express the intense love for Jesus that shall thus take possession of your soul. And this love will be the definite medium of your salvation. It will accelerate your approach towards God. Jesus was his perfect image. This is what you wish to become. By contemplating him, you shall grow into his likeness. By loving him, your heart-strings shall become intertwined with his. What he says, you will say; what he does, you will do. He will thus supply every craving necessity of your soul. So beautifully will the divine lustre of his glorious life illumine your path, that you will press forward with an assurance to which before you were a stranger. And this divine love, as manifested in his life, which will thus be awakened within you, will imbue you with a strength that shall enable you to overcome all difficulties. Joyfully will you exclaim with the great apostle, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthened me." Do you not see that thus you will labor with a strength superior to your own; with the strength of the perfect Son of God? Yes, my friends, not only is Jesus the way, but thus it is that man is to travel in it. He chooses another way, when desiring to attain holiness; he rejects the aid that God offers him, and endeavors to come to him by his own unassisted strength. Nothing less than the strength of Christ is sufficient to enable him to attain his object; and I have shown you how this is to be obtained.

Again, I would deprecate misunderstanding. I would not be understood to assert, that the strength of Christ is at once conferred upon us. The degree in which we obtain it is always proportioned to the love we bear for him. The love we bear for him is proportioned to the knowledge we possess of him. It then becomes all-important that we should always increase our acquisition of this knowledge.

Finally, I would draw your attention to a comparison of these two modes: that by which we act from self-observation, and from

our own strength; and that in which our actions result from observation of Christ, and the strength that is thus imparted to us. In the one, the object of contemplation is sin; in the other, it is holiness. When we regard the one, we look upon that which we hate; when we regard the other, we look upon that which we love. Here, we observe a perverted, degraded nature; there, we behold a nature perfect as it came from the hand of God. On the one side, we behold jarring, divided, distracted faculties, waging continual war; on the other, we see them all in harmonious union, in the nice balance of perpetual peace. In the one case we are engaged in constant self-observation; in the other, in the delightful contemplation of the sinless Son of God. Need I continue the parallel? Is it not plain what must be the results of pursuing these two widely-diverging ways? In the one, sorrow, disappointment, and despair must be our lot; in the other, rejoicing, prosperity, and peace. In the one, we pursue an illusory light, like that which deludes the credulous traveller from marshy exhalations, — awakening hope and fear alternately by its eccentric motions, till at last it vanishes, and leaves him to perish in darkness and misery. In the other, our eyes are fixed upon a sure and steadfast blaze; such as gladdens the heart of the mariner, when its bright rays stream across the dark ocean, and enable him to steer his bark with safety into the desired haven.

And, now, what have I to ask you but this? Ye who have repented of your sins, ye whose soul's desire it is to find rest in the bosom of the Eternal Father, will you walk in this way? Will you steadily press forward in it, holding fast by the hand of the Son of God, and looking upon his face, as you proceed, with a sweet and tender confidence? Do this, O my brethren! and life shall become fair and beautiful to you. Its seemingly dark dispensations shall glow with heavenly lustre. All around you shall hover the spirits of the redeemed, whose garments of salvation have been dyed in the blood of the Lamb. With them you shall joyfully unite in singing glad hosannas to the Son of God. The constant presence of the Most High shall overshadow you with its protecting influence, and you shall feel that danger cannot possibly approach you. And when the hour of departure from this temporary residence arrives, he who went before you to prepare a place for you shall stand ready to receive you, and to conduct you into his Father's house. There you shall abide in unutterable joy, relieved of all disposition to wander. And, as

the ages roll on ; as world after world springs into creation, and, having performed its mission, passes away, — the glories of the Eternal Father, which no thought can conceive, shall gradually and grandly be unfolded to you.

Thus may it be with us, oh my brethren. Thus may we come to, and ever remain with, our Father, through Jesus Christ, his Son, our Redeemer.

A VISION OF DANGER.

THE day was very cold ; but the clear blue sky, the merry voices of children playing in the snow, induced me to forego the pleasures of a warm room, and the enjoyment of reading a new book, for exercise in the open air. As I had no particular object in view but a walk, and seeing a friend before me, I walked fast to overtake her ; but, just as I was on the point of speaking to her, she opened a gate, and, knocking at the door of a house, was readily admitted as one who was an accustomed visitor.

Could I be mistaken ? It was indeed the jail ; and this, then, was not her *first* visit. Where had *I* been ? how had *I* employed the hours which she had been giving to the prisoner ? Who was now confined here that excited her sympathy ? These thoughts rapidly passing through my mind, my curiosity was aroused, I confess, more than my desire to imitate her in deeds of love ; and I also sought and obtained admission within the gloomy walls.

I was ushered into the rooms for visitors, in the farthest part of which was a grated door, through which might be seen some of the departments of the prison ; and here I observed my friend earnestly and sadly watching a female, whose countenance, as she advanced and met the gaze of her visitor, suddenly lighted up with hope. But how shall I express my surprise in recognizing, in the prisoner, one who had ever visited with us in our social circle, but whose imprudence, passing soon into crime, had brought her here, where she was awaiting her trial !

My attention was now withdrawn from the prisoner, by the opening of a door in the room in which she was confined, and the announcement by the jailer that all the prisoners would take their seats to await the arrival of the Court, and be judged according to their deeds.

Accordingly, the seats which were arranged in this hall were soon occupied. Slowly advanced the aged man; the child young in crimes; boys who had never been taught the right ways; and she whose first transgression had been attended with ignominy and shame.

Some were accompanied by kindred, who seated themselves on the criminal's bench, not willing to desert them in this hour of searching trial. My friend instantly joined her, whose comfort she had been in these days of solitude and confinement; and I, I alone of that assembly, was left to gaze around.

But the eyes of all turned upon me, and silently yet in thunder-tones said, Are *you* alone innocent? Are *you* alone the one who can throw the first stone? Are *you* alone the one whom none of us can call friend, and from whom we can seek for sympathy in this the hour of need?

Confused, ashamed, convicted, I hastily seated myself with the prisoners; feeling that, in the sight of the Judge, I was indeed guilty; I whose education had been such from earliest infancy as to shield me from open crime, to save me from temptation, and to give me many, many noble opportunities to seek out and save the erring and the lost. And had I done this? I felt that his eye was upon me, reading all my past life; yet, when I again dared to look around, no *human* judge was visible; only those heart-stricken friends, those unfortunate prisoners.

Near me was seated a young girl of but sixteen years; her large, dark eye, flushed cheek, and frail form, indicating but few days more of suffering in this life, before her soul would pass on. My sympathy for her was awakened, and I eagerly offered her any aid she might need. A smile of scorn disfigured those beautiful features; and a quick, repulsive blow on my cheek from that delicate and almost transparent hand was the only answer.

Suddenly, the voice of this young girl broke the silence by a song, not of sadness, but of mirth, of unhallowed joys, of lost innocence. Could it be that she so little realized her sin, as now, in this her hour of judgment, to let that laugh ring through the room, indulging still in thoughts of wickedness?

My cheek still smarting from the blow, I asked, "Why do you not sing of your parents and of your friends?" Poor child! she had braved all, — ignominy, poverty, imprisonment; but this reference to early childhood was too much for her exhausted frame, and, throwing herself upon the cold stone floor, she

sobbed, "Friend? friend?—*I* have no friend!" and she stretched her attenuated arms to embrace the stones, as if they alone could be willing to speak comfort to her breaking heart.

What had I done? How thoughtless had been my words! What had been the early education of this girl I knew not,—where her parents were now; whether they knew of the crimes of their child. Her *mother*! O God! spare my heart the agony of seeing my own child brought to that misery. Oh! how bitter, how agonizing the thought, to die and have no *friend*! No friend here; then how certain to her young heart, no friend in another world! Who had there been to teach her to come to Jesus; to learn that, only by the strength obtained through him, we can gain the victory over temptation, passion, and even death? I sprang from my seat, and, gently raising her, said, "*No friend*! yes, you have one; tell *me* your sorrows; let there be at least one who can love you." These words gradually calmed her; but when she looked at me, and recognized the bruised face, it was too much: it was indeed forgiveness. She could not utter a word; but the scalding tears and the impassioned kiss showed that she was yet susceptible to love, and that the heart was not too much hardened to appreciate my kindness.

But who and where was her destroyer? She would not name him, but only said, "*He* is in the society of the rich; *he* is admitted to homes of wealth; *he* is sought by many parents, though they admit he has been sometimes wild, nay, dissipated: but his ways are fascinating; he is *rich*;—but where, oh! where am *I*!"

The sad, heart-broken tones, and the sobs of this forsaken, dying girl, whose countenance bore so strong a resemblance to my own child as to cause me to shudder, awoke me, as the clock of a neighboring church struck the hour of midnight.

I had now probably another day before me, and how should it be passed? Should the lessons taught by this dream vanish as the wind, and I sit idly looking upon the events of life, until I am aroused to take my seat to be judged?

"There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.

The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page."

Let us not, in our prayers for the heart-broken, the forsaken, the abandoned, forget those through whose instrumentality they have been brought so low. A fearful, an appalling account will be theirs in the hour of judgment; and let our prayers be, that repentance come not too late, but that in deep humiliation they may strive to repair some of the wretchedness they have caused.

Parents, watch eagerly, anxiously, over your children, boys as well as girls; for the tempter lurks around, often where you least suspect. Seek to give them *good principles*; to avoid the society of those — and alas! how many such in our midst — who sneer at religious forms and observances, and cast ridicule upon those who keep to the right rather than yield to fashion.

Brothers, sisters, pray for one another. You cannot tell how much you need each other's prayers to strengthen you in your hours of temptation.

Make Jesus your friend; and, if you love him, you will *keep his commandments*, and God will love you, and you will have that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

PUBLICATIONS.

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. — A book over which twenty thousand families are alternately crying and laughing, in spite of philosophy or dignity, within a month after its publication; and which as many thousands more are impatiently requiring three paper-mills and three power-presses, worked day and night, to supply; which all social circles talk about, and talk about only to praise; which phlegmatic fathers are persuaded to read aloud of an evening, and do read aloud till they find themselves taken with unaccountable fits of coughing, in the passage down the Mississippi, or obliged to steady their nerves under cover of poking the fire, while the eavesdropping domestics in the entry wonder he doesn't go on; which creates all sorts of eager compromises and magnanimous self-denials in households, — but is never out of somebody's

hands,—the busy brother getting up early to pore over it before breakfast, and the sister taking it to bed with her at night, and the children peeping into it by means of a greater despatch at the dinner-table, and the mother taking it in brief and sweet instalments, while she rocks the cradle with her foot, and sings an unconscious accompaniment to the psalmody in "Aunt Aloe's" parlor, the eldest daughter looking over her shoulder; which neighbors want to borrow "when it is done with," and then undergoes a series of clandestine sub-borrowings, connived at, not without anxiety, by the borrower-in-chief; which travellers stuff into carpet-bags, and suburban citizens take into the cars with their fingers between the leaves "where they left off," and school-girls endanger their eyesight by a joggled perusal of in omnibuses; which makes all readers voluntary slaves to the potent command of its enchantment, while it pictures the curse and crime of involuntary slavery between man and man; which fascinates alike by its natural portrayal of unnatural cruelties, and its ideal displays of human fidelity and love,—is not a book to stand in need of the puffs of periodicals. The last copy we happened to see—an hour ago—was lying on a fishmonger's bench, among lobsters' claws, halibuts' fins, and oyster-shells, ready to be snatched up as soon as the customer had taken his change. And if the Secretary of State has not bent his great eyebrows over it, he will before he is President, and will admire it just as much as the oyster-man.

In fact, among all classes of people, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is hovering, and is destined to have a success and a circulation almost unexampled in our literature. Probably it is freighted with more of substantive hope for the Negro race in this country, both enslaved and free, than all the organized efforts at emancipation for the last half-score of years. If the reader's sympathies go with the bondman, or even the fugitive, rather than with the master or pursuer, one cannot but see that it is the fault of the system, not of the writer. The arguments on both sides are carefully weighed. The spirit is admirably catholic. You are not annoyed by any preconceived theories, any obtrusive hobby, defended at every corner, by one-sided appeals or bad logic. You are simply planted directly down in the midst of slavery as it is, to hear both slaves and masters talk, and just as they *do* talk; to see both as they are, in all their varieties; to enter into their anxieties and sorrows, to appreciate their higher and lower impulses, and to be perplexed with their perplexities. There is no stupidity nor imbecility, no cant nor spite. All is animated, vivid, graphic, genial, human. The dramatic

skill is equal to the inventive genius. There is the stamp of original power on every page. The tone is healthy, not morbid. Just as you are ready to cry over the pathos, you are obliged to laugh at the fun; and, in your warmest indignation at wrong, you are not suffered to grow intolerant towards the wrong-doer. More than once, it is true, the human heart in us is obliged to repress its indignation, by some such thoughts as the high and holy ones, so calmly and yet awfully prophetic, which the author introduces just where they are wanted: "Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell, indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom, he bears the anguish of a world. Bear thou, like him, in patience, and labor in love; for, sure as he is God, 'the year of his redeemed shall come.'"

Although it appears to be incidental to the main design of the work, yet the religious effect of it alone is wonderfully deep, healthy, and right. If studied to that end, it might yield a wisdom touching the true nature of spiritual experience, the law of Christian life, the doctrine of the soul's relations to the Redeemer, and the workings of simple faith, that would prove a gracious medicine to many of the theological disorders of the times. Here and there, too, is a beautiful passage of hope and promise. We have room for only one example:—

"If ever Africa shall show an elevated and cultivated race, — and come it must, some time, her turn to figure in the great drama of human improvement, — life may be waked there with a gorgeousness and splendor of which our cold, western tribes have faintly conceived. In that far-off, mystic land of gold, and gems and spices, and waving palms, and wondrous flowers, and miraculous fertility, will awake new forms of art, new styles of splendor; and the Negro race, no longer despised and trodden down, will perhaps show forth some of the latest and most magnificent revelations of human life. Certainly they will, in their gentleness, their lowly docility of heart, their aptitude to repose on a superior mind and rest on a higher power, their child-like simplicity of affection, and facility of forgiveness. In all these they will exhibit the highest form of the peculiarly Christian life; and perhaps, as God chasteneth whom he loveth, he hath chosen poor Africa from the furnace of affliction, to make her the highest and noblest in that kingdom which He will set up, when every other kingdom has been tried, and failed; for the first shall be last, and the last first."

Boston Railroad Jubilee; being a collection of all the doings, sights, and speeches of the jubilee-week in last September, preserved in a permanent and handsome form, for reference and for distribution. Press of Eastburn, city printer.